# THE DIAL

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## *THE DECLINE AND FALL OF MAURICE HEWLETT.*

Glancing idly through the "display" columns of one of our literary journals the other day, my eye encountered an advertisement which involuntarily gave me pause. The major portion of it was taken up with the announcement of a new novel by George Barr McCutcheon — and, tucked away in a small corner beneath, was that of a new novel by Maurice Hewlett.

I repeat, it gave me pause. For this reason — that George Barr McCutcheon is the author of "Graustark" and "Brewster's Millions," while Maurice Hewlett is the author of "The Forest Lovers" and "Richard Yea-and-Nay." That is to say, the former is a purveyor of literary chaff and the latter is a literary creator. I do not know that Maurice Hewlett has ever contended that his books are literature. But I do know that divers of them have been so acclaimed by the most discriminating critics and readers; while, on the contrary, Mr. McCutcheon has given us his word for it, through the medium of a published interview which, so far as I am aware, has never been denied, that his books pretend to nothing above the status of the best-seller.

What, then, is the implication of the advertisement? Is it the old, old story of art in the market-place? Perhaps — but it is also something more, something which involves other considerations and leads to other conclusions. As a matter of fact, not so many years ago the positions of Mr. Hewlett and Mr. McCutcheon would, in such circumstances, have been reversed. The former would have been the "top-liner," and the latter would have occupied the left-over corner. At that time publishers fairly fought for the privilege of printing Hewlett. The fortunate one that landed him bought up the rights in his earlier works, and brought him out superbly in a limited edition de luxe, in style and form similar to that with which a *grand maître*, Walter Pater, had but recently been honored. August academic journals sung his praises, and Olympian critics belauded him.

At the same time, idols of the lyric stage and editors of comic "colyums" in unison proclaimed him their favorite author. Not only were his brows crowned with laurel,— his pockets bulged with gold. He had achieved the impossible — namely, the creation of masterpieces of literary art that were best-sellers also. His new book was the event of the season so far as fiction was concerned. Both Grub Street and Parnassus bowed before him.

And now — the difference!

If outward and visible signs afford any criterion for correct judgment, the vogue of Maurice Hewlett is a thing of yester-year. His glory has departed. The publishers of the edition de luxe long since yielded him to a rival, and that rival to another, and his successive books show an increasing variety of imprints. His new novel of this fall of 1916 creeps obscurely into publicity in the shadow of the exploitation of George Barr McCutcheon—whose vogue, apparently, grows ever greater. Personally, I do not read McCutcheon, but those who do assure me that he writes better nowadays than he did in the days of "Graustark." This, at best, is rather a negligible item; but, alas, it is impossible to say of Maurice Hewlett that he writes better than he did in the days of "The Forest Lovers." On the contrary, he writes much less well. But, whatever and however he writes, the public no longer cares for him — this being true not only of the Many-Headed, but of his own particular part thereof.

The last Hewlett book I read was "The Song of Renny." It was a Tauchnitz edition, which in Berlin cost me but forty cents, as against the dollar-fifty that the American edition commanded. On that account I held it very caressingly in my hand; but, all the same, I could never have finished it but for the fact that I was at the time in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean with nothing else to fall back upon. So I persevered to the end, which I reached in a condition of more or less exhaustion. Since then I have tried one more — "Bendish," on which I did not squander my money, prudently obtaining it from a lending library. As I was unable to get through even the first hundred pages, I congratulated myself upon my economic foresight. The other day I saw a big stack of books in a familiar binding exposed ignominiously upon the bargain-counter of a department store, abaft the soda-fountain and adjacent to the union-suits. I drew near — and the premonition of my prophetic soul was verified. It was a "remainder" of a Hewlett romance that had come from the press originally one little year ago. But — and this was still more cruel — even at the price marked, a fraction of its pristine value, I had no use for it.

The decline and fall of Maurice Hewlett is a topic to which our most learned literary doctors might profitably devote themselves, or so one would think. But none of them seems interested, and I, a mere sweeper-out of the temple and fagot-gatherer in the grove of the muses, perforce find myself committed thereto.

"Whom the gods love die young." The images arise of Keats, of Byron, of Shelley, of Chatterton,— but, in truth, did not Balzac die young at fifty-nine? And will not William de Morgan, if he lives to be a hundred? In the case of Maurice Hewlett, however, it is difficult not to believe that had he been so beloved of the gods as to have "passed" upon the morrow of the publication of "Richard Yea-and-Nay" he would have descended in literary history — or, rather, in literature, that thing so ineffably greater — in incontestable enjoyment of a magnificent fame, one which Time could not lessen but would with an immortal finger seal forever. Beside that glorious volume, upon a small shelf, jealously sacred to a consecrated master, would repose "Earthwork out of Tuscany," "The Forest Lovers," "Little Novels of Italy," and "New Canterbury Tales," together with those verses which include "Pan and the Young Shepherd," "Songs and Meditations," and the "Masque of Dead Florentines." Tenderly the eye of the lover of literature would dwell upon that shelf, and beneath his breath he would say softly, "Infinite riches in a little room!"

As it is, I have these volumes not only, but many others, all blazoned with the name of Hewlett. They fill one long shelf, and overflow upon another; but I really care only for those few which, I fondly think, bear upon their pages the glowing impress of a genius unique and incomparable, to whom I owe enchanted hours and golden dreams. The others — well, of a truth I should not like to part with "The Road in Tuscany," but perhaps more on account of Pennell's pictures

than of Hewlett's text. I should hate also to give up "The Fool Errant," which is of a peculiar and complete delectability; or divers of the *contes*, namely, that of Buondelmonte and that called "The Ruinous Face." And there are passages in the Senhouse series that thrill and vibrate; still, I could live without them. But the sacred half-dozen I do not think I could forego. What, then, is the difference betwixt "these" and "those"? What has led to the decline and fall?

It must, I think, resolve itself into the irresistible conclusion that a great literary artist cannot live by style alone. It is true, to cite an instance, that according to a popular superstition, Walter Pater does so; but this is only a superstition, and obtains only among those who have never read him, or, having done so, are incapable of fathoming the depth of his thought or feeling the vitality of his matter. But the style of Maurice Hewlett, that style which led a critic once to write of it as "something mysteriously beautiful, like a piece of ancient arras," has degenerated into a mere galvanism, incapable of imparting to his later pages more than a factitious value. If his early ones were like to ancient arras, those of to-day resemble nothing else so much as mere wall-paper. There is something of the old gorgeous pattern, something of the old flaming and smouldering hues, something of the old jewelled lustres; but it is only an imitation,—that worst of all imitations, a writer deliberately imitating himself.

None of us can escape his destiny, and it is only fair to Maurice Hewlett to say that he perceived his own, and the dolor of it, and tried to escape. From the impasse which he beheld himself approaching, as an avenue to freedom he set his feet in the pathway that George Meredith had marked out—an unfortunate choice in that he failed to see that only Meredith might walk therein. The result was "The Stooping Lady" and its congeners,—books which, I doubt not, brought him money but, in justice to his fame, were for the most part better unwritten. Now he appears to be gravitating aimlessly back and forth from one genre to another, and produces alternately such volumes as "Frey and his Wife" and "Love and Lucy," books which it is hardly more than necessary to glance through in order to recognize as mere futilities of virtuosity *in vacuo*.

The moral? If you must have one, it is the moral of overproduction, of the bastard litter procreated by the commercialization of art. Maurice Hewlett was an artist, in his own *métier* a consummate one, truly *un prosateur parfait*,—until from his altars he tore down their old divinities, and in their stead erected the graven image of the Great God Success.

JOHN L. HERVEY.

## *LITERARY AFFAIRS IN LONDON.*

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

In Mr. E. V. Lucas's new book of essays, "Cloud and Silver," there is an interesting chapter on "Martin Ross" and E. Œ. Somerville, the two ladies who wrote "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," and other books. The former (Miss Violet Martin) recently died, so that the partnership will produce no more. It is certainly a loss to letters,—few people here, and probably fewer in America, realize how considerable a loss. For these two ladies were not mere ordinary writers of Irish sketches. Their material has been used by scores of people; but none of their predecessors in the field has written as well as they. They were not the usual cultured and intelligent ladies producing something readable and ephemeral for the vicarages of England. They were artists. Or rather they were an artist; for nothing short of the word of two women of unimpeachable veracity could have persuaded one that their books were the work of anything but a single hand. The characters are so clear and consistent; the humor, the run of the sentences, the choice of unexpected yet absolutely "right" epithet, are so individual. I open a book at random (critics are always saying they have done this; but this time it is not a falsehood) and I light at once on a paragraph which illustrates the flow of their style on its ordinary, not on its best, level:

> Philippa assured me she could not read it all. During the previous winter she had had five lessons and a half in the Irish language from the National Schoolmaster, and believed herself to be one of the props of the Celtic movement. My own attitude with regard to the Celtic movement was sympathetic, but a brief inspection of the grammar convinced me that my sympathies would not survive the strain of tripthongs, eclipsed consonants, and synthetic verbs, and that I should do well to refrain from embittering my declining years by an impotent and humiliating pursuit of the most elusive of pronunciations. Philippa had attained to the height of being able to greet the schoolmaster in Irish, and, if the day happened to be fine, she was capable of stating the fact; other aspects of the weather, however remarkable, she

epitomised in a brilliant smile, and the schoolmaster was generally considerate enough not to press the matter.

There is no need to go to extremes and pretend that their books are more important then they are; these two women have done a minor thing about as well as it can be done. Their comedies are as necessary to anyone who wants to get a good idea of Ireland as are the far more farcical and exaggerated studies of "G. A. Birmingham."

One is reminded again of the amount of good literature of all kinds that has come from Ireland in the last generation. Large and small, almost half our respectable authors in the period have come from Ireland: Wilde, Shaw, Yeats, George Moore, "A.E.," Synge, Lady Gregory, besides dozens of lesser or younger people like James Stephens, James Joyce, Lennox Robinson, and Joseph Campbell, who have done memorable work and may do much more. Had it not been for a strain of queer pessimism which prevented him from taking his writing seriously, T. M. Kettle, the young Nationalist ex-M.P. who just died in battle at Ginchy, might have been one of the best-known of them all. His book of essays, "The Day's Burden," and a brilliant little introduction to a "Life of Nietzsche" are almost all that remains of him. I knew him only very slightly; but he was certainly one of the best talkers I have ever met. He was very widely read, especially in philosophy. He wore his knowledge very lightly; but although his talk coruscated with epigrams, the point of view was never sacrificed to the well-shaped witticism, and the wit always had a tinge of poetry. Harold Chapin, the Anglo-American dramatist whose war letters have just appeared here, asked in one of the last letters he wrote before he was killed: "Why do all the best ones get done in?" The thought is at least as old as Sophocles. Chapin's book, though very few of the letters (mostly to his wife and child) betray the professional artist, is extremely interesting reading. It is the best war-book of the season so far, with the exception of Mr. Masefield's "Gallipoli," a very picturesque and stirring narrative marred only by an occasional too transparent attempt at fine writing and the grand style.

It has been, so far, a thin season. The new Wells and Bennett novels have had little to compete with, though Mr. E. F. Benson has done it again, and Mrs. Humphry Ward has produced a story of Oxford with a very odd hero and startling revelations of the melodramatic way in which undergraduates behave. Mr. Arthur Symons's book of "Tragedies" has the interest of coming from a distinguished man; but they are no more satisfactory than Mr. Symons's earlier poems. The best of them, a Cornish peasant-drama, is as artificial as Mr. Masefield's "Nan," which is saying a good deal, and it lacks the convincing patches that "Nan" has. You feel that it does not spring from any urgent impulse in Mr. Symons's breast,— that he merely sat down to write a play with a strong theme. Some of the speeches are very well written, but they lose their effect, as we do not believe that the characters concerned would have spoken them. There are drawbacks in being a critic of chameleon-like sympathy, who is able to feel with and expound every kind of art and artist.

Macmillans, who have taken over the publication of Mr. Yeats's works, are to issue this autumn two new volumes by him,— a collection of poems and a book of "Reveries." Private issues of these already have come from the Cuala Press, which is run by Mr. Yeats's sister. These Cuala Press books, which are very pretty, may be commended to collectors. One of the best of them was a beautiful collection of Mr. Yeats's "Love Poems," published in 1913. Mr. Yeats has for some years been writing his full reminiscences. Very probably, Mr. George Moore would like to see them. But I do not think they will be on view for a good many years.

One by one the authors of England are being officially invited to inspect the Allied fronts. It is a good idea. One can hardly say, I suppose, that its object is to secure publicity for the war,— even although one military tribunal did encounter the other day a rural laborer who said he had never heard of it. Mr. Wells and Mr. Noyes are the latest to survey the field. Mr. Wells has spent a month in France and Italy, and will produce his impressions almost immediately. Mr. Noyes has been doing the Grand Fleet; perhaps his poems about the Navy will improve a bit now. I take it that his return from America must leave you almost denuded of British authors,— a most unusual situation for you. But, presumably, there will be the usual winter invasion of lecturers. One at least you will receive who has never visited America before. This is Mr. Walter de la Mare, the poet, who crosses the Atlantic some time this month. As I have probably remarked before, Mr. de la Mare is not half so well known as he should be. His volume, "The Listeners," contains some of the most exquisite lyrics of our time. He is not a prolific writer. He is over forty and has published, I think, only four books of verse and

three of prose,—a very clean record for a twentieth-century author. But his books are all good. He takes immense pains with everything he does. His critical work is done mostly for the "Times Literary Supplement," and it is extraordinary subtle and delightful,—written in a poet's prose, full of original and illuminating imagery. I gather that Mr. W. H. Davies, the poet and author of "The Autobiography of a Supertramp," may follow him later on. After the war you will probably get a great rush of us. A novelist I was dining with the other day told me that the best thing for us to do, however, would be to write for America, where remuneration is largest, and live in Spain, where food costs nothing and you can rent a Castle, with towers, ghosts, and loopholes, for a dollar a week.

J. C. SQUIRE.

*London, October 5, 1916.*

## *CASUAL COMMENT.*

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT IN WAR-TIME incurs risk of violation. How serious the actual violation has been during the present war, it is too early to determine. But even among embittered belligerents there is not lacking a feeling that respect for copyright should be observed even amid the din of arms. The German Booksellers' Union, through its Board of Directors in consultation with the German General Staff, admits that copyright laws with enemy countries have lost their validity, but adds that works published in these countries before the war continue nevertheless to receive copyright protection; and the honorable sentiment follows that even for books now appearing in enemy countries the law of copyright should hold. But it is further added, perhaps lest this should seem too idealistic a view of the situation, that were open piracy resorted to the German book-trade might suffer serious injury through reprisals on the part of hostile nations. Reprisal is something all can understand in these days, however it may be with abstract right or wrong. We no longer live in the primitive times of Crabbe's Squire, with whom "'twas a maxim he had often tried, that right was right, and there he would abide."

. . .

LIBRARY RAMIFICATION goes on apace, especially in this country. In addition to the excellent public libraries dotted over the land we have an increasing number of special libraries, devoted to all subjects from poetry to patent rights; and nearly every state has its legislative reference library, most large cities have their municipal reference libraries, and now our largest city is to have its public health library, as a division of or adjunct to its municipal reference library. State libraries and city-hall libraries and chamber-of-commerce libraries are, of course, commonplaces by this time. No wonder it has been complained — as, for example, by Dr. C. C. Williamson in his address at Asbury Park last June — that the word "library" is becoming sadly overworked. A new term, several new terms, in fact, are needed to denote succinctly and unmistakably the differing characters and purposes of the many offshoots from the parent library stem. How little did Benjamin Franklin foresee what was to come in the library world when he and his fellow members of the Junto started what has been called the mother of all subsequent subscription libraries in America, which in turn opened the way for our great public library system. It is worth while to turn back, now and then, and read his own account of that modest but memorable undertaking. When he settled in Philadelphia, he tells us, there was no good bookshop south of Boston, and far less any good library. "Those who lov'd reading were oblig'd to send for their books from England; the members of the Junto had each a few. We had left the alehouse, where we first met, and hired a room to hold our club in. I propos'd that we should all of us bring our books to that room, where they would not only be ready to consult in our conferences, but become a common benefit, each of us being at liberty to borrow such as we wish'd to read at home. This was accordingly done, and for some time contented us." And lucky it was for posterity that the contentment was only temporary.

. . .

POETRY IN APPLES has no less reality, to the discerning, than tongues in trees, or books in the running brooks, or sermons in stones. Immortalized by the poets are the golden apples given as a wedding present to Juno by Ge (Earth) and guarded by the maidens known as the Hesperides. Significant to us in America is the fact that these superb examples of their kind were ascribed in classic legend to the far West, or sometimes to the distant North. Thus the ancients, whether by design or accident, placed the best apples where as a matter of fact they do actually grow. Here is no place for an apple bibliography, but any reference to the apple in literature can hardly fail to call to mind the fine appreciation of this fruit shown by Mr. John

Burroughs in his writings. Poetic appreciation of the apple has lately been evinced in a far different and very unexpected quarter. The International Apple Shippers' Association, in some of its "literature" (not so inappropriately named in this instance) quotes with excellent effect from the popular poetry on the subject. What could be better of its sort than that briskly jingling set of pomological rhymes entitled "The Bulliest Fruit of Them All"? Here is a sample stanza, to go with the next rosy-cheeked Baldwin the reader has the good fortune to enjoy:

> There's a tang to the taste of an apple,
> A zest like the keen autumn breeze,
> With a savor that's won from the smile of the sun
> When it ripened the fruit on the trees.

* * *

CONFISCATING AN ENEMY'S LITERARY PROPERTY wears in some respects an uglier look than the confiscation of an equal amount in real estate or barrels of flour or tons of pig-iron; for in the republic of letters there is supposed to be no clash of arms, and mutual respect of personal rights is taken for granted. England's action in giving parliamentary sanction to the violation of the Berne Convention, so far as enemy countries are concerned, is deplorable. The appointment of a Public Trustee to guard the interests of the enemy author, whose literary work is reproduced without his consent, will not suffice to make this breaking of a treaty seem right and honorable. It is a tortuous casuistry that seeks to defend it. It will not fail to be noted that Germany has thus far refrained from making "a scrap of paper" of the Berne agreement.

* * *

"GOOD BOOK WEEK," known last year as "Safety First Juvenile Book Week," will be observed early in December — from the 4th to the 9th inclusive. This will be the second observance of what has proved to be a very successful literary festival. Last year more than three hundred cities and towns shared in this success, and nearly sixty thousand copies of the specially prepared list, "Books Boys Like Best," were distributed. The Chief Scout Librarian of the Boy Scouts prepared the list, with the help of an official Library Commission; and the same list, revised and somewhat enlarged, will this year again be circulated. "The Publishers' Weekly" prints the list as a supplement to its issue of October 14, and announces its purpose to supply the trade with copies at cost. Public libraries, as was to have been expected, have taken active part in this effort to raise the standard of boys' reading; and schools, churches, newspapers, and literary periodicals have also forwarded the movement. Such an enterprise, so well organized, and supported by an association like that of the Boy Scouts of America, with the coöperation of American librarians, cannot end in failure. Good results, already noted, will be followed by better; and in this connection even the mounting price of paper may prove a blessing in disguise by curtailing, if not altogether stopping, the supply of cheap sensational trash such as boys in the past have indulged in with too little restraint.

* * *

THE RETURN OF THE PALIMPSEST may be one of the results of the portentous rise in the price of paper. Already old stock is made over again into paper with much more of care to avoid waste than has been known before in the lifetime of the oldest observer. If a cheap and effective process could be invented for removing print from paper, something like the ancient custom of using parchment more than once might come into vogue. Meanwhile word comes from Canada that the paper industry there is in as critical a condition as in our own country. Not only forest-destruction and a scarcity of chemicals used in this industry have helped to create a shortage, but labor is also unobtainable in a supply equal to the demand, so many men have enlisted for the war. Thus in material, in labor, and probably also in capital, paper-manufacture is a sufferer from the European conflict. But is there any industry, except the making of munitions, or any class, except the makers of munitions, that does not suffer from the same cause? The world needs some Menenius Agrippa to bring it to its senses by putting into apposite fable the interdependence of all the members of the cosmopolitan body.

* * *

THE TRUE STORY OF THE CHILDREN'S LIBRARY BUILDING ought to be told here in correction of an earlier chronological error in this department of bibliothecal history. As Miss A. L. Sargent, librarian at Medford, Mass., has been kind enough to point out, Brooklyn is not entitled to first honors as inaugurator of the separate library building for young people; nor indeed is Medford, as she had at first believed, the pioneer in this movement. She has now very kindly and carefully straightened out the whole matter for us, and with full confidence in the accuracy of her findings we are glad to name in the order of their age the separate juvenile library buildings in America—so far as Miss Sargent's researches

have discovered their existence. New London, Conn., opened its children's library building in June, 1906; Medford took similar action Jan. 7, 1912; Hartford, Conn., followed suit later in the same year, that is on the 23d or 24th of October; and Brooklyn fell into line Sept. 24, 1914. If there are any slighted candidates for admission to this list, let them declare themselves.

. . .

FURTHER ITEMS FROM THE INFORMATION DESK, which has more than once been mentioned in these columns in comment on library happenings, may find an interested reader or two. The St. Joseph (Mo.) Public Library has in the last year established an information desk, where in seven months no fewer than twenty-five hundred questions were asked—some easy and others so difficult as to approach the character of conundrums. The librarian reports: "Over the telephone have come questions concerning spelling, pronunciation, etiquette, the population, location, and altitude of places, with such inquiries as 'What great man's mother died when he was a baby?' 'Receipt for marshmallows'; and 'On what dates did Thursdays come in May, 1911?'" Let us try to imagine the bewilderment caused at another information desk, no matter just where, by a rather unusual inquiry sent over the telephone in tearful tones by a person conjectured to be an anxious wife or mother. The question was this: "Will you please tell me what are those little white things men have in their heads that bite?" It was not until the next day that even the nimble-witted functionary in charge of the desk was able to answer this conundrum. Then a sudden light illumined the darkness, and the inquirer having been rung up, the monosyllabic reply was sent back,—"Teeth!" It will need a harder question still to score a point against that desk.

. . .

THE VARIED ACHIEVEMENTS OF NORMAN DUNCAN, author, traveller, teacher of literature and rhetoric, and, not least of all, admirer of Dr. Grenfell and expounder of the missionary movement headed by the latter in Labrador, are enough to fill more space than can here be allotted to them. His death on the 18th of October cut short his activities in the mid-forties. He was born in Ontario in 1871, educated at Toronto University, was on the staff of the New York "Evening Post" from 1896 to 1901, filled the Chair of Rhetoric at Washington and Jefferson College from 1902 to 1906, taught English literature as adjunct professor at the University of Kansas from 1896 to 1901, filled the Chair of Rhetoric himself chiefly to writing and travel. To various magazines he contributed articles on Newfoundland, Labrador, Syria, Palestine, the Arabian desert, Australia, Papua, and the Dutch East Indies. Among his numerous books may be named "The Way of the Sea," "Dr. Luke," "The Mother," "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," "The Adventures of Billy Topsail," "The Cruise of the Shining Light," "Every Man for Himself," "The Measure of a Man," and "The Best of a Bad Job." Though made an honorary Litt.D. by Pittsburgh University in 1912, his breezy narratives of adventure on sea and land show him to have been far from our conception of the typical doctor of letters — as his many readers have convinced themselves, to their enjoyment and advantage.

. . .

THE MENTION OF THE NEW POETRY recalls the fact that there has recently appeared another periodical devoted entirely to the publication of verse. We have already had in our midst for varying periods "Poetry," "The Poetry Journal," and "Contemporary Verse," not to cite several English publications. Now appears "The Poetry Review," edited by William Stanley Braithewaite, and published at Cambridge. An inspection of the first two numbers inclines the disinterested critic to agree with Mr. Brian Hooker in his frank letter of criticism of the initial number, a criticism, by the way, engagingly printed in the succeeding June issue. Briefly, the new magazine, while generous and inclusive in its pronouncement to further the poetical art and its criticism to the fullest, falls short in achievement. Barring a somewhat painfully vivid but very interesting poem by Amy Lowell—in the free manner—there was scarcely anything of note in the first two numbers read. Platitudinous and indiscriminate praise, and verse that only too frequently savors of the "pretty-pretty" of the so-called regular magazines, does not serve to carry out Mr. Braithewaite's professed intention to wage war against this sort of thing. The same qualities of discrimination—or lack of discrimination—in critical judgments mar also, it seems in the opinion of many critics, the editorial comment and selection in Mr. Braithewaite's annual "Anthology of Magazine Verse." But Mr. Braithewaite's long-acknowledged and unremitting devotion to the furtherance of a love of poetry, particularly contemporary poetry, should in the end prove a sufficient corrective of the present lack of balance in "The Poetry Review."

## The New Books.

### New Studies of Henry James.*

Most published criticisms of the work of Henry James give little aid to the reader who would clarify and crystallize his own judgments of that author. Indeed, one need spend but an hour or two with essays and magazine articles to gather a collection of the most diverse opinions. Mr. Brownell asserts that no one ever cares to read the novels a second time. Mr. Howells makes much of the fact that they invite repeated re-readings. One critic remarks that "He sees his subject not as a spot, detached, isolated; he sees it in its place, as part of a whole, of a system." Another says: "The actors in Mr. James's books appear to have the world entirely to themselves: there is no suggestion or sense that other lives are being lived around them." We are told that he puts his own personality into every one of his characters, and that he never expresses his personality at all; that the novels suffer from the limitations of his narrow Puritanism, and that they are so licentious that they would be suppressed if they could be understood. "And," as his own characters so often say, "there you are!"

Much of this confusion comes from a failure of critics to apply and real standards to make the criticism actually meet with the work criticized. Henry James had, more probably than any other writer of fiction, an idea of what a novel should be. He expounded this idea with care, and he elucidated it by frank discussions of his own stories. The only profitable criticism of such an author is that which considers as its essential problems how far his conception of the literary form is sound, and how well he has lived up to his theory. The expression of personal likes and dislikes, the clever recording of impressions produced by particular tales, or the judgment of work by implied standards, however conventional, which the author himself rejects, can have little value, and may be confusing. This misfit criticism was to be expected in the earlier years, before it was wholly evident what Mr. James's conception of a novel was; but since he has explained this in his essays and prefaces, and exemplified it in a score or two of volumes, mere hit-or-miss comment seems unnecessary. Nevertheless, the periodical articles called forth by James's death, though full of brilliant and telling observations, are largely unsystematic and inadequate, and the same must be said of the two new volumes on James that we have now to consider.

The lesser of these, a little book by Miss Rebecca West, in the "Writers of the Day" series, is announced as "a biography and a critical estimate of his works, with portrait and bibliography," but the biographical information is of the slightest, and the bibliography is merely a list of "first editions of publications in book form." The standards of style which the author sets herself may be inferred from the occurrence of such sentences as this: "He was becoming a European and for several years to come was to spend his time slowly mastering its conventions." Although the "Author's Note" naïvely thanks the publishers for the loan of the "New York Edition" of James's works, there is no evidence of the reading of the remarkable prefaces in that edition. The "critical estimates" are mostly brief comments on novels and tales. At first glance these may seem to be compounded according to the simple rule of a shovelful of censure and a shovelful of praise, but more careful reading shows that they are based on certain unsystematized, and in some instances conflicting, personal standards which the author brings to her work. Evidently she is an advanced social reformer. She speaks of "the caste of cretins who edit the magazines and reviews of this unhappy country"; she is irritated by a society that considers a chaperone desirable for young women; she sneers at the New England "respect for spinsters and pastors of bleached lives"; and her contempt for "Victorian" writings is so great that she would prove James's utter incompetence as a critic by the fact that he once wrote a gracious sentence about Mrs. Humphry Ward. But along with these sociological conceptions goes a sense of the importance of art, and a real feeling for some of the finer things of life. Such heterogeneous collections of ideas and ideals are common enough to-day. A university teacher finds them with painful frequency in the minds of really womanly young women who have felt it their duty to go in for social psychology and eugenics and criminology, and who have absorbed notions more rapidly than they can reconcile and correlate them. The master himself might have enjoyed the game of guessing in advance how a mind so equipped would respond to the appeal of his various stories. The reader of Miss West's book who indulges in this amusement may or may not be surprised to learn that "The American" is "an exposition of the way things

* Henry James. By Rebecca West. "Writers of the Day" Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cts.

Henry James: A Critical Study. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

do not happen," largely because the character of Madame de Centré cannot be reconciled with approved ideas of heredity. He will be told that the critic finds "Washington Square" highly praiseworthy. Of the "Portrait of a Lady" he will read in a characteristic sentence: "The conduct invented for Isabel is so inconsistent and so suggestive of the nincompoop, and so clearly proceeding from a brain whose ethical world was but a chaos, that it is a mistake to subject the book to the white light of a second reading." True, he may never know whether it was James or Isabel "whose ethical world was but a chaos," or which of the two the writer would like to call a nincompoop, but he can hardly miss the tone of the criticism. He will be told that in the "Princess Casamassima" James "produced a picture gallery where he had intended a grave study of social differences," and that the "The Turn of the Screw" is "the best ghost story in the world." He will also find that "The Wings of the Dove" deserves the highest praise, "The Better Sort" and "The Awkward Age" are "twitterings over teacups," and "The Golden Bowl" "is not good as a novel." But he who would learn more must read the book for himself, even to the last sentence, which concludes the strange mixture of judgments more rhetorically than logically: "And on 28th February, 1916, he died, leaving the white light of his genius to shine out for the eternal comfort of the mind of man."

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's critical study, now first brought out in America, appeared in London early in 1914, and is reprinted apparently without change. It takes no account, therefore, of the important events of the last two years of Henry James's life, and it gains no advantage from the clearing and illumination of the critical view that comes with an author's death. As in all his essays Mr. Hueffer writes of many things, and perpetually indulges his fondness for epigrams and superlatives. He tells the reader, for example, that Defoe, Fielding, Richardson, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and Meredith hadn't a pennyworth of art among them; that the really great writers of our day, besides James, are Mr. Joseph Conrad (who has had the honor of collaborating with Mr. Hueffer) and Mr. W. H. Hudson; that business "is a matter of dirty little affairs incompetently handled by men of the lowest class of intelligence"; and that "The Yellow Book" "represents the high-water mark of English achievement in the world of the arts." All these dicta are somehow connected in the mind of the author, if not in that of the reader, with the supreme dictum that Henry James "is the greatest man now living" (1914).

A work written at such a time, in such a spirit, and after such a plan, cannot be the definitive criticism of Henry James; but Mr. Hueffer knows his author thoroughly, and is himself a practitioner of the same art. Moreover, he has thought—earnestly if erratically—on many of the problems with which the elder novelist was concerned; and his ideas, when once the reader has extracted them from the verbiage, are suggestive and worthy of consideration even by those least likely to accept them. Among the contentions that he ingeniously supports is one to the effect that indirection of statement is an Anglo-Saxon characteristic, and that elaborate figurative indirection is more American than English; so that "As far as his phraseology goes he [James] has expressed his race." In another connection he traces a line of literary descent from Richardson through a series of Continental writers — Diderot, Chateaubriand, Stendhal, Flaubert, Turgenieff, and back to England with James. He finds the latter novelist wholly without "compassion or any desire to be helpful." He gives much space to showing that James, after his earlier years, was obsessed by a profound sense of sadness, of the wretchedness of life,— that, in short, his attitude may be seen from the remark of the Passionate Pilgrim that most persons haven't souls. These are a few of the opinions that the present reviewer would gladly discuss if his space were unlimited; and every interested reader is likely to find a different list which will seem to him equally worthy of controversial comment.

The critic carries on his discussion under three headings: Subjects, Temperaments, Method. In characteristic fashion he tells us that the third of these is the only one in which he is interested, but that he shall say little about it, since "Mr. James has done it himself" in the prefaces. But for more than one reason few persons read the prefaces of the "New York Edition," and those who do are tempted, not to silence, but to a fuller discussion of the principles there set forth with so much originality. It is just these matters treated in the prefaces which Mr. Hueffer, himself a novelist with serious ideas concerning his art, owed it to the reader to discuss. It seems that mere perversity and the desire to do the unexpected thing must have led him to put in this last chapter only a few generalizations and a number of long quotations from James himself.

The competent, scholarly, and judicial evaluation of Henry James's work, and of his

place in the development of the English novel, is still to appear. When it is written it will doubtless contain a chapter on the criticisms that were published during the life of the novelist; and in this there should be some interesting paragraphs on this clever, suggestive, and slightly amusing study by Mr. Hueffer.

WILLIAM B. CAIRNS.

## A STUDY OF THE SINGLE TAX PHILOSOPHY.*

It must be generally felt by the thoughtful public that some authoritative statement is now due as to how we stand in relation to the agitation for a freer use of the land and natural resources of the country. That agitation has expressed itself in many and various ways. We have had outcries about the upward tendency in the prices of commodities, due, as is affirmed, to the restricting of output made possible by the monopolistic control of the sources of supply. We have had complaints of the action of railroad companies in withholding from use the large tracts of land originally given to them by government, and the capitalization of their potential value as a basis on which to pay, as dividends, the excess earnings which ought to have gone to increase the efficiency of service or to the reduction of rates. We have had, through the labors of the Industrial Relations Commission, a revelation of the helplessness of vast masses of laborers in the hands of organized capital, forcing upon us the suspicion that this helplessness is largely, if not wholly, due to the restriction of opportunity for self-employment, and the consequent prevention of that natural drafting-away of those small margins of over-supply of labor which constitute the real menace to the security of the worker. Finally, we have had those various efforts at fiscal reform, local option in taxation, lower-rent movements, anti-poverty societies, exemption of personal property and improvements, etc., all of which are not unreasonably suspected of being expedients directed toward one ultimate end,— the concentration of public burdens upon the unimproved value of land, or, in a word, to the Single Tax.

It seems, then, as though the time is ripe for just such a book as "The Single Tax Movement in the United States," by Dr. Arthur Nichols Young. And that a right understanding of what the Single Tax really means may be best brought home to us by an account of its early beginnings and a history of its unfolding and development, every careful reader of this book will acknowledge. An idea, demanding structural changes in the economic relations between men, can only have come into existence in response to some real need, or as a consequence of some felt injustice, discomfort, or wrong; and to understand the nature of this wrong is half way to understanding the meaning of the innovating idea. This idea, making as it does for equity or equality in men's relationship to the natural resources of the planet, is as old as history; and wherever it is found it is always in association with a revolt of the moral sense against the inequalities of fortune, the unearned and undeserved luxuries of the rich, and the equally undeserved miseries of the poor and down-trodden. Dr. Young says in his Introduction:

> An attempt to consider the numerous manifestations of the idea to which land reformers of all times have appealed . . would take us too far afield. Hardly any agrarian movement fails to exhibit some manifestation of this idea, which dates back at least to the time when the author of Ecclesiastes wrote that the "profit of the earth is for all."

But indications of "the idea" are to be found even further back in history. When Moses laid down the law that there should be a year of Jubilee in which all land tenures should cease and a re-apportionment take place, it is obvious that he was simply adopting an expedient for averting the inequalities in condition that he saw must inevitably arise if unrestricted private control of the land were continued indefinitely. To both of those great souls the idea had revealed itself that the well-being of a people, including all its future possibilities of moral and spiritual development, depends upon the ease or difficulty with which access can be had to the source of all wealth, the land. It is a reasonable postulate, therefore, that if we wish to deal intelligently with the question, and to assess rightly the importance of the land-reform movement, we must seek to realize its honorable pedigree, its emergence in the minds of the early masters in the art of sociology, and its persistence in some form in the philosophies of all great thinkers of subsequent ages.

Dr. Young quotes Francis A. Walker as having declared in 1890 that political economy, especially in the United States, had "suffered inexpressibly from public indifference," and that "the few who have professed and cultivated it have had things all their own way simply because no one cared enough

* THE SINGLE TAX MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. By Arthur Nichols Young, Ph.D. Princeton University Press. $1.50.

about it to contest or criticize their conclusions." This charge of popular indifference can be preferred no longer. Many indications, which can be ignored only by the wilfully blind, point to a growing interest in the science of economics, and a determination on the part of the masses to have the "social problem" probed to the bottom. In the same year Professor Ely wrote, as quoted by Dr. Young: "Are property rights safe? I have no fear about the property rights of the individual, but I have much fear that the property of the public will be stolen in the future as it has been too frequently in the past." While one may experience a slight shock of surprise on finding so conservative a writer using an expression suggestive of deliberate fraud, yet a candid survey of the past twenty-five years must convince us that the fears of Professor Ely have been realized. Immense blocks of public property have been "appropriated" to private purposes. The free offerings of nature in the form of oil wells, iron and copper deposits, water-powers, etc., to which public necessities and public expenditures in providing governmental facilities have given a monopoly value, have been taken possession of and exploited for private profit. These facts are being driven home to the consciousness of the plain man in the most effective way, through an increase in the cost of living, and this makes it impossible that the indifference to the science of sociology can continue. The plain man wants to understand the meaning of the increasing strenuosity in the struggle to live, and an instinct warns him that this can only come through a right comprehension of that science of economics in conforming to which must lie all our chances of attaining social well-being.

Dr. Young has, in the most admirable manner, adopted and maintained the attitude of "the man from Mars," the impartial observer and reporter. Without sympathy for the social regeneration at which the Single Tax aims, it would have been impossible for him to have reached so complete an understanding of its meaning,—as indeed we may affirm that it is not possible to understand anything fully if not approached in a sympathetic spirit. But so carefully has the role of the expositor been kept uppermost and dominant that no trace of the partisan can be discovered. So far as the Single Tax is to be regarded merely as a fiscal measure, as an ideal method of revenue-raising, Dr. Young may be, for all that we can find in his writing, an opponent of its central principle,— that of concentrating all public burdens on economic rent and abolishing other taxes. But that he has been signally successful in laying before his readers the whole case, for and against, its failures and successes, its dangers and weaknesses as well as its essential elements of strength, every sincere critic must admit.

The outstanding fact which our author recognizes, and which must be conceded by all whose memories extend backward for thirty years, is that the doctrine of Henry George seems to have lost the hold it then had taken in the minds of the thoughtful classes. Whether this is due, as has been maintained by Mr. Fillebrown, to its having been made a political issue, and thereby the cause of antagonisms, misrepresentations, and misunderstandings, may be a question on which difference of opinion will be found among Single Taxers. The perspective in which recent events are seen is proverbially untrue, and the atmosphere which only time can provide seems always necessary for the grouping of facts in their proper relations. Of one thing we may feel sure, however,— that if the minds of the more cultured classes have become more or less closed by the political propaganda and its consequences, those of the masses have been opened to the fact that there is an economic problem underlying their miseries, and that a solution of it has been offered by Henry George. This last consideration should be kept in mind to balance any regrets a Single Taxer may feel regarding the loss of countenance from the platform and the professorial chair, and as an offset to the words of Dr. Young: "It is an important practical question for Single Taxers as to whether any given political campaign is timely. Whatever advance the Single Taxers can make when their program is understood, they can manifestly expect little when it is not understood." That some combination of influences has during the past thirty years estranged the sympathies of those whose support it is essential to capture, is attested by many circumstances; and unless we may confidently believe that this is counterbalanced by an increased recognition on the part of the masses of the great issue that has been presented to the country, the outlook would indeed be depressing. In the meantime, it is a matter of satisfaction that influences have been and are at work, making appeal in terms of sweet reasonableness to the minds of those whose sympathies have been lost by the campaigning methods and the controversial dust raised thereby. Chief among these we must reckon the writings of Mr. Fillebrown, whose "A. B. C. of Taxation" and series of pamphlets are remarkable not more for their clarity of thought than for their freedom

from all that can offend refined and sincere thinkers or obscure the issues involved by the raising of class feeling. Dr. Young has done no more than justice to the educational value of Mr. Fillebrown's writings in classifying him with Mr. Shearman as "perhaps the ablest and most successful propagandist writers since Henry George"; and it will greatly gratify the admirers of both these teachers that the memory of the one and the past and present activities of the other are given due recognition.

Until 1887 "the Henry George movement," "the land restoration movement," and other such expressions had sufficed to identify the wave of enthusiasm that had spread itself across two continents; but the need was being felt for a shorter and more convenient term which might be expected to find acceptance in all countries. About this time Mr. Thomas G. Shearman suggested to Mr. George the adoption of the term "Single Tax" as a description of the method proposed for the restoration of society's rights in the rental of land, and under this name the movement has since been known. Its inadequacy as an expression of the full creed of the Single Taxer has been felt increasingly as the years have gone by; and many of Henry George's disciples have since regretted that Mr. Shearman did not in 1887 suggest the title under which he subsequently published his masterly work, "Natural Taxation: An Enquiry into the Practicability, Justice, and Ethics of a Scientific and Natural Method of Taxation." Had the movement been known since 1887 as a demand for a "natural tax," much misunderstanding might have been avoided. The title seems almost self-explanatory. It suggests as in a flash what Shearman's book so lucidly expounds,— that Nature has provided a simple method by which each citizen automatically and inevitably pays a yearly sum exactly proportional to the benefits he receives from the attentions of governments, local and national, and that the landlords or landowners are the officials appointed by Nature for the collection of this natural public revenue. The further implication seems almost to thrust itself upon a reflective mind, that if these natural tax-collectors did what tax-collectors are supposed to do,— if they handed over their collections, minus an adequate remuneration for their labors, to the respective governments who had authorized their functioning in this way,— all would be well, and justice would prevail. Under such conditions it would no longer be necessary to tax labor, or the wealth that is produced by labor, for the support of governments. It would then be possible to abandon completely the unnatural principle of taking the citizen's degree of affluence as a measure of his moral obligation to make contribution to the public exchequer, and to adopt instead the principle upon which we pay our electric current and water bills,— the principle that payment shall be proportional to the amount consumed or to the degree of benefit received. For it is surely obvious, when the proposition is presented as a fact in natural science and apart from the disturbing atmosphere which class controversy generates, that all the benefits a man derives from living in a special locality (police protection, postal facilities, well-kept roads, etc.), are all accurately reflected in the price he must pay for the privilege of living there,— not in the price of the house, for that is determined by the cost of production, but in the added value of the advantageous situation, with all its publicly created conveniences and amenities. The superiority, we repeat, of "the natural tax" over "the single tax" as a name for the George movement, is that it seems to provoke the above reflections, and at the same time to suggest its own explanation instead of inviting misunderstanding.

In recounting the various metaphysical difficulties that have stood in the way of a broader acceptance of Single Tax principles, Dr. Young rightly places first the conflict of ideas between George's definition of "the rightful basis of property" as being rooted in a man's right to himself and his labor, or what he called "natural rights," and the opposite idea so strongly upheld by Huxley, Ritchie, Ely, and others, which denies the reality of natural rights and derives all rights from social utility. There is, it must be confessed, an apparent paradox or antinomy here; but to one who has not acquired a mechanical turn of mind through habitual logic-chopping, and who has retained something of the power of intuitive perception, there persists the suspicion that the contradiction is only a seeming one, and can be resolved in thought if not in argument. May it not be, one instinctively asks, that each of the apparently contradictory concepts is contained in the other? In accepting and following either to its furthest conclusions, is it not possible or probable that we shall find ourselves reaching the other? If we concede to the orthodox student of social problems the postulate that social utility is the final test and justification of human rights, it is hardly conceivable that the adoption of this principle could lead us to an infringement of the other principle that wealth should be left in the hands of him who produces it. If, on the

other hand, we start from an acceptance of what George called natural rights, and determine to respect them, it is equally inconceivable that this could lead to any inutility; rather do the probabilities indicate that the highest social utility would be subserved in this way. On the whole, therefore, the seeming paradox appears hardly worth the effort of discussion. We are probably dealing once more with the opposite aspects of the same truth as seen from different points of view,—like the assumed opposition between justice and expediency, which all moralists know to be a false one, nothing being in the end just that is not expedient and nothing expedient that is not just.

On one point only we venture to join issue with Dr. Young, and this merely as to the interpretation of an indisputable fact. Some Single Taxers have recently exhibited a tolerance if not a sympathy for income taxes; but this we believe does not "signify a tendency to relax the strictness of the phrase single tax, or presage a weakening of the view that condemns all taxes but land taxes, on *a priori* grounds." Impatience with the blunderings and injustices incident to the attempts to enforce property taxes upon those "intangible" forms that can be easily hidden has engendered a willingness to countenance any method of revenue-raising that promises to be better than the prevailing system.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Young's book will serve the double purpose of an appeal to that greater public, the people of all classes who in the last resort are the custodians of the public conscience, for an unbiassed consideration of the Single Tax philosophy; and as a note of friendly warning to Single Taxers to learn by their past failures as well as by their successes, as to the attitude it were wisest to adopt in the future. It may be that a patient education of the public mind, with all the advantage of a probable reflex action upon the minds of the educators themselves, will in the end be the more direct method of achieving the objects aimed at. If it is indeed a fundamental and eternal truth that underlies the idea of the Single Tax, the compelling power of such a truth should require no aid from diplomacy, policy, cunning, or any of the powers that fear the light. There should be no need to conceal the remotest implications of such a truth, to whatever conclusions that they may seem to point. We heartily commend this latest contribution to the literature of the Single Tax movement.

ALEX. MACKENDRICK.

## PROBLEMS AND LESSONS OF THE WAR.*

During the course of each academic year there is held at Clark University a conference upon some large problem of world politics. Having become an institution, this conference attracts notable groups of publicists, diplomats, university professors, and other persons interested in international affairs. And the several volumes of papers and discussions which preserve the proceedings of the conference form interesting and valuable additions to the fast-growing literature of a critically important subject.

One can well believe that, as President G. Stanley Hall reports in his "Foreword" to "The Problems and Lessons of the War," it was not without some natural hesitation that the authorities of the University approved the plan to devote the conference of December, 1915, to a topic that "has aroused throughout the world an intensity of feeling and a diversity of opinion which is without precedent in history," namely, the causes, character, and meaning of the war in Europe. The plan, however, was admirably conceived. For if sane and impartial discussion of the subject can be had anywhere, it is most likely to be within the precincts of academic walls; and the cataclysm was not so new but that it was beginning to be possible for scholarly men to view it with some degree of perspective. Notwithstanding initial misgivings, the conference was eminently successful, in respect not only to the representative character of the persons who participated in it but also to the spirit which prevailed and the high quality of most of the addresses delivered.

Under the editorship of Professor Blakeslee, twenty-three of these addresses and papers are gathered in a volume entitled "The Problems and Lessons of the War." In addition to a "Foreword" by President Hall, discussing briefly the psychology of the war, there is an Introduction by Professor Blakeslee, containing a useful survey of the proposed solutions of the war problem. The twenty-three papers fall into eight groups. Six relate to the question of preparedness; four to economic aspects of war; five to proposals for restricting or eliminating war; two to the "test" of war; two to the relation of

* THE PROBLEMS AND LESSONS OF THE WAR. Clark University Addresses, 1915. Edited by George H. Blakeslee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

NATIONALISM AND WAR IN THE NEAR EAST. By a Diplomatist. Edited by Lord Courtney of Penwith. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.15.

THE RESTORATION OF EUROPE. By Alfred H. Fried. Translated by Lewis Stiles Gannett. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

naturalized Americans to the present conflict; two to the British and German points of view; one to the effect of the war upon Pan-American coöperation; and one to the influence for peace of the Red Cross work. It is equally impossible to characterize in general terms a group of papers of such extensiveness and to speak of individual contributions to the exclusion of others. But when it is stated that included among the authors are Norman Angell, George Haven Putnam, William E. Walling, Roger W. Babson, Rear Admiral Chadwick, Samuel J. Elder, Kuno Francke, and Senhor de Oliveira Lima, some idea is conveyed of the nature and worth of the book. It may be added that with practically no exceptions the contributors have taken their task — or their opportunity — seriously, and that the volume is pregnant with the best of contemporary thought in this country upon both the war in Europe and the lessons of the conflagration for the United States.

When, a number of years ago, the work of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace was organized, provision was made for a Division of Economics and History, under the directorship of Professor John B. Clark, of Columbia University, having as its purpose to "promote a thorough and scientific investigation of the causes and results of war." In 1911 the Division convoked at Berne a conference of statesmen and economists which drew up an ambitious programme of investigations pertinent to the Division's objects. One of these investigations had to do with "the conditions under which the last wars in the Balkans were begun and waged, the situation in which they left the combatant states, and the prospects of the future which might be anticipated as possible and probable." This piece of work was entrusted to a European scholar and diplomat whose name has been kept from the public; and the recently published volume entitled "Nationalism and War in the Near East" is the fruit of the investigation. Lord Courtney of Penwith, who edits the volume, assures us that the author knows the Near East at first hand, that he "has moved in and out among Chancelleries," and that, in short, he has special qualifications for the task committed to him. It would seem very desirable, however, that the mask of anonymity should have been dropped.

The book was written before the outbreak of the Great War in 1914; and on that account several passages in it—for example, one wherein the position of the Prince of Wied is described as very secure and satisfactory—now make curious reading. The author's keenness of perception, however, is demonstrated by his interpretation of the Near Eastern situation as one which was very likely to be productive of a conflict of the greater powers. In content the volume is substantially a study of the connection between nationalism and war, as exhibited in recent events in the Near East; and the author expressed the hope that the picture which he painted would suggest some warnings to Western civilization of the fool's paradise in which Europe was at the time living. In the excessive development of nationalism the author finds the fundamental cause of modern war; and it may be remarked that in a paper by Professor Krehbiel, in the above-mentioned "Problems and Lessons of the War," the same conception is set forth with convincing effect. Nationalism, we are told, has been more prone to war-like expression in Eastern Europe than in Western Europe, because the former is less highly developed. But even in the West the failure of democracy to assert its control over diplomacy has meant that nationalism has continued to maintain a basis essentially militaristic and to be continually provocative of war. Only "the re-establishment of the international structure on a sounder foundation" can prevent the recurrence of armed conflict.

The chief importance of this admirably planned and executed volume lies in its interpretation of the Near Eastern conditions immediately antedating the present war. These conditions furnished the occasion, and to a considerable extent the remoter causes, of the conflict. "It is," the author affirms, "the expansive force of the South Slav nationality communicating itself to Russia that has exploded the mines and magazines with which diplomatists and militarists had sapped the foundations of the European social structure. The South Slavs have been the fighting slaves and the farming serfs of Central Europe for centuries, and it is their struggle for freedom that has upset the European equilibrium and set in motion the mobilization machines. It is in part a visitation for the sins of their fathers toward the nations of the Near East that to-day the freemen of Europe are being rounded up by millions, railroaded to the front, and fed to the machine guns."

A useful feature of the volume is a liberal collection of diplomatic documents covering Balkan affairs in the years 1912-13. Altogether, the enterprise of the Foundation and the work of the anonymous author must be commended without reserve.

For a number of years Dr. Alfred H. Fried has been numbered among Europe's keenest thinkers and ablest writers on international

affairs. During decades, indeed, he has been attacking mediævalism and militarism in the German and Austrian Empires. A quarter of a century ago he assisted in the formation of the German Peace Society. For fifteen years he published the *Friedens-Warte* (Watch-tower of Peace) in Berlin, and since the outbreak of the present war he has continued it in Zürich. He has written a score of books, the best known in America being "Der Kaiser und die Weltfriede"; and in 1911 he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

A new volume by Dr. Fried, entitled "The Restoration of Europe," takes rank easily among the sanest and most thoughtful of the hundreds of books whose publication has been prompted by the war. In a chapter on the causes of the contest the author sets up the thesis that the war is the logical outcome of the kind of "peace" that preceded it, and in succeeding chapters he abundantly substantiates his thesis by analyzing the international anarchy which blind adherence to the principle of nationalism has entailed. In a trenchant chapter on the conflict's lessons to date he urges that, with a view to the future prevention of war, the present struggle be studied very closely, in its economic and sociological, and not merely its military, aspects. Among the lessons which, it is affirmed, the war has enforced already are the fallacy of the time-honored maxim *Si vis pacem para bellum*, the ineffectiveness of attempts to humanize and regulate warfare, the emptiness of the notion that war is but a wholesome blood-letting and that there is something romantic about it, the impossibility under present-day conditions of localizing an international conflict, and the tendency of modern warfare (as M. Jean Bloch pointed out twenty years ago) to be indecisive in its results.

Finally, Dr. Fried writes inspiringly of the reconstruction which, as he hopes, will be undertaken when the war shall close. The world, he says, must not be satisfied to have the war end in *a* peace; it must insist that there be established a durable peace—that the war shall destroy its own source, international anarchy, and result in the establishment of a rational state-system. A first conference of the powers must arrange a cessation of hostilities, through the medium of an ordinary treaty of peace; but a second must bring into being a new European international organization. In the building up of the new European state-system compulsion must not enter. Rather the stimulant must be national self-interest. And it is suggested that a reasonably close analogy to the coöperative union which is to be desired is the Pan-American system of the western hemisphere. With this new order must come a complete transformation of the character of diplomacy, a sharp relaxation of the "antiquated conception" of sovereignty, an abandonment of the system of alliances whereby the great states have been set off one against another, and a regeneration of the political press. Europe, in short, must be recognized in a Coöperative Union, with Pan-European Conferences and a Pan-European Bureau, affording the instrumentalities whereby the nations may discuss together and reach conclusions upon their policies and interests. The programme may appear impracticable, but Dr. Fried advocates it convincingly; and stranger things have happened than that, in its essentials, it should be realized.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

## RECENT FICTION.*

I remember, even after thirty years or more, the surprise with which I listened to a man of the finest literary taste, who was enthusiastic about a book which told how a number of Englishmen had the most exciting adventures in the jungles and veldts of South Africa, in their effort to find certain mines of gold which had been unknown for centuries, in fact since the time of King Solomon. It seemed very strange that a man who got pleasure out of Trollope and Hardy, James and Howells, should care for what appeared to be simply a story of adventure. Yet my friend was not exceptional in that respect, but indeed was an early though typical voice in the general acclaim of popular approval which greeted the work of Rider Haggard, Stevenson, Kipling, Conan Doyle, and many more whom we remember to-day better than the milder Blacks and Walfords and Norrises whom they rather displaced in the popular mind. Fiction in 1886, say, had got so much the color of everyday life that there were those who thought it monotonous (in fact, even tedious), and gray or drab. Stevenson in "A Penny Plain and Twopence Colored" pointed out that we really like color better than plainness, and he himself offered his generation plenty of the color that he liked, as well as other things.

* THE ROMANCE OF THE MARTIN CONNOR. By Oswald Kendall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.

THE LEOPARD WOMAN. By Stewart Edward White. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE. By John Masefield. New York: Macmillan Co. $1.35.

THE TURTLES OF TASMAN. By Jack London. New York: Macmillan Co. $1.25.

THE FURTHER SIDE OF SILENCE. By Sir Hugh Clifford. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

That change in popular and artistic taste has often seemed something particular, of its own day and generation, a turning-point in literary history, a sign of "romantic reaction," and so forth, but in reality it was but a marked manifestation of a very general characteristic. There are always people who like the excitement of adventure, just as there are always people who like the observation of current existence; sometimes there are more of one kind, sometimes of the other. But there are always both kinds; in fact, generally, each individual is in varying degree of both kinds. There are plenty of people to-day who read with excitement Mr. Arnold Bennett's chronicles of the Five Towns and also Mr. Joseph Conrad's restless tales of the Malay Islands and the South Seas. Certainly although there are plenty of novels of current life nowadays, one can also pick out of the new books plenty of stories of adventure,—as well as of romance and mystery, those other delightful matters so often mentioned together.

Few such tales are more entertaining than "The Romance of the Martin Connor," by Oswald Kendall, the story of an expedition of an ocean tramp steamer into the remote divagations of the upper Amazon. It seems an eccentric combination, the tossings about in the ocean and the confused complications of the tropical jungle, but just that eccentricity seems characteristic of the Amazon which has at once the vastness of the ocean and the seclusion of the forest. Mr. Kendall appreciates this thoroughly and uses his abilities easily in both ways; the account of the typhoon is fine and so is that of the mysterious reaches of the upper river. But what will leave the strongest impression in the reader's mind is the curious assortment of humanity that has gathered itself together in the "Martin Connor." We have at once such a sympathy with them that it is a great delight to feel sure that they will get safely through all their difficulties, and a great pleasure finally to know that they all attained at the end a successful competence, for which they doubtless cared less than we should. "Cert'nly Wilfred" the cook is the bright particular star, but the others are very worthy associates, and all together they make such a sensible and cordial combination that in spite of a certain amount of kickings, beatings, and poundings, the story is a good tonic for the mind depressed about the condition of things at sea as it is presented by various more realistic adventurers in current fiction. That seems a very good thing; if you can get your story of adventure with anything amusing or interesting in the way of character thrown in, so much the better. There surely ought to be something beside adventure even in a story of adventure, perhaps a view of some new kind of country that seems strange but interesting to us who stay at home, perhaps a view of some form of human feeling that seems out of the way and fine to us who have got accustomed to the ordinary forms of current life. One may get both from Mr. Kendall's tale, and perhaps it will be that that makes his book a bit more than a story of exciting things.

Something of the same sort might be said of Mr. White's book of African adventure, except that Mr. White is a pretty well-known figure in our world of letters, and known for other things than exciting doings and incidents. He has given us many an impression of the vast forests and plains to the north of us, as well as of the mountain country in the west. Of late he has been in Africa and it is no surprise to have from his pen this story of the land of which he has otherwise written. This is a story, by a man who knows the land of the veldt of equatorial Africa, not a forest, yet not open, sunbaked and yet full of life. Into the midst of this unknown region go the people of Mr. White's story. One must admit, though it is not very important, that the people rather lack the novel freshness of the sailor men of Mr. Kendall's story,—Kingozi the African traveler, the Leopard Woman herself, Winkleman the scientist, though not exactly conventional, have not the touch of originality that one feels in Cert'nly Wilfred and Captain Hawkes. Winkleman is the best, the great hunter is rather conventional, and the Leopard Woman rather too extraordinary. But that is a slight matter in such a book, of which the main thing is to be that it is to show us exciting incidents and phases of life in a strange and out of the way corner of the now too well known surface of the earth. Here in the remote depths of unknown Africa come influences from the chaos of European life to-day. England and Germany are each bent on gaining over the great M'tela, an almost mythical ruler who holds great territories on a needed line of communication. There certainly is good material even for a lesser hand than Mr. White's. That I feel something wanting in the book probably comes from a middle-aged spirit that will not be satisfied with the excitements of incidents and the alleviations of suspense. I cannot but ask for some more actual touch of the way people live and feel in that remote and savage and even appalling country, some actual touch of the European in Africa and of the native

African himself. But that was perhaps outside of Mr. White's plan, in spite of two or three African figures and the excellent account of the adventures with the magic bone. The curiosities of a wonderful scene, the exhilaration of plans carried through despite determined opposition, these were the main things in mind, and though his story is not without its touches of reality either European or African, its main interest will be as a story of adventure.

This will not be said of "Multitude and Solitude," one of Mr. Masefield's earlier books now republished. Though spoken of as a story of adventure, and though much of the action takes place in Africa, yet the adventures are really those of the spirit, and the scene is really that of the human soul. It is indeed almost by false pretences that the book finds a place along with such others as Mr. White's and Mr. Kendall's. Roger Naldrett is a man whose life is absorbed in the love of a beautiful woman and in the excitement of the art of letters. He meets disappointment. That his play is boo'd by a commonplace audience is not disastrous, but that Ottalie should be drowned means an absolute wreck of everything. It is under such influences that he strangely gets in mind the thought of the sleeping-sickness in Africa, and is led to a determination to try to do something worth while in the fight against that terrible scourge. In following out this idea he does go to Africa, and in Africa there are adventures. But it is neither adventures nor Africa that were of chief interest to the author, nor will they be to the reader. Mr. Masefield seems to have been feeling his way in the great question, What is worth while in life? It is not enough if life is full of motor-cars and golf. It is not enough that there should be sport and war. Is it enough even if it be full of plays and poetry? Is it enough even if it have the love of one so fine as Ottalie? Much the same sort of question may come in a minor way into the mind of one who reads books. Mr. Masefield was searching for something worth while. To get at something worth while,— it was that which led Roger and his friend and guide into those distant and lonely and appalling regions where he was enabled to do his little part in the general struggle of those who would put humanity a little way ahead in the great progress of centuries.

Mr. Jack London's last collection is a very characteristic one. It shows us Jack London, not in all his phases, but in many. There is the tale of the big California ranch, the tale of the prehistoric tribe, of the winter trails of the Yukon, of the down-and-out hobo, of the mismanaged institution, of the pseudo-metaphysical and philosophic explorer of the secrets of existence. Nor does Mr. London seem at all conventional in following these trails wherein he has walked before; affection does not seem to stale his infinite variety. He has the same terse vigor with which he presents the point which seems to him worth while. For some point there generally appears to be; he generally has something in mind beside the interest of the people or the incidents he tells about. I should like to read him better if I were more apt to agree with his points. It may not be a very critical ground to take — that one does not like the philosophy of the story-teller. Certainly the lover of adventure finds himself in something of a dilemma in "The Turtles of Tasman," the story which gives its name to the book. In this sketch we have a modern form of the Prodigal Son and his Elder Brother. There is no father in this case, so that the contrast is more obvious than in the original. Here are two brothers, good examples, the one of the vigorous and intelligent citizen, the other of the attractive, indeed entrancing adventurer. Mr. London takes an almost unfair advantage by allowing the returned prodigal a daughter of irresistible charm and dash, while the millionaire stay-at-home has an heiress whom nobody can care about in more than a formal way. That is heaping it up a little, but we might as well take conditions as we find them. The story certainly suggests the question why not all be adventurers? Indeed I suppose that question must sometimes occur even to us older readers of books of adventure. If it is such fun going up the Amazon or across the veldt or into the jungle, and if it also brings out all that is fine and loveable and attractive in a man, why do we timidly stick to our slippers and our chimney corner, and satisfy our longings with sterile emotive and abortive fancies? Mr. London, of course, is perfectly consistent; he has not done so, and does not, and in this story he tells us why. The reader may perhaps be able to work out the puzzle for himself.

If in dealing with such ideas, the reader desires to know a little something about what the life of adventure really is, he may be recommended a reading of Sir Hugh Clifford's "The Further Side of Silence." This collection of stories and sketches of life in the Malayan peninsula is a very striking thing, for it gives us almost at first hand a picture of actual life in what is quite as good a field for adventure as the Amazon or the veldts or jungles of Africa or the Yukon. These stories have been compared with those

of Mr. Conrad, but this must be chiefly because Mr. Conrad and Sir Hugh are telling stories of much the same sort of country, so that some of the same general figures may be seen in each. But with that resemblance ceases, and that for the reason that while Mr. Conrad almost always looks on the Malay life from the outside, as a European, Sir Hugh comes very near to presenting it from the inside, as near as any European can come. Such a story as "At a Malayan Court" gives me, at least, a more vivid idea than even Mr. Conrad's art of what life actually is in such a place. When one reads these stories of native life, the tales of the adventures of white men, say in the same unknown country, seem slight and sophisticated. If you compare Mr. White's account of how Culbertson shot a rhinoceros and Sir Hugh's story of how a tiger did up a household of seven Malayans you will feel a difference. A life of adventure, as we think of it, is a life where exciting things are always likely to happen. But in these lives of actual and invariable contest and struggle with rude nature and rude man there is a fierce intensity that seems somehow more the real thing than one can get in any temporary excursion into the African veldt or the South American forest. It is terribly in earnest; it is not so much adventure as tragedy. It is playing a game with the odds against one; playing for keeps, as the boys used to say, and pretty deadly keeps at that. But whether so or not, it is an immensely interesting collection of stories and well worth reading for other reasons than the natural love of exciting incident. It has the touch of vitality that does so much to make fiction absorbing in its interest, whether it deal with exciting adventures in the strange places of the earth or the simpler existence in the quiet life of home.

EDWARD E. HALE.

## NOTES ON NEW FICTION

A story of a small town in Ireland, with its petty jealousies, its prejudices, and, above all, its gossip — such is "Mr. Wildridge of the Bank," by Lynn Doyle (Stokes, $1.30). The awakening of the town through the agency of Anthony Wildridge, who mingles love with finance in a not altogether incongruous way, is the "reason" for the novel. It is interesting as a study of character and local color. The characters, although many are somewhat extreme, are well portrayed; their movements are quite germane to the plot.

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, in "The Kingdom of the Blind" (Little, Brown, $1.35), has produced another of those entertaining yarns which mark him in the favor of those who love a story for the sake of what Stevenson has called the "brute incident." Few men to-day write, not so great a novel but so good a tale, as Mr. Oppenheim has produced in some quantities. "The Kingdom of the Blind" is a moving tale of hairbreadth 'scapes by land and sea, not the least narrow of which is that of the hero and his beloved (enshrined also in the villain's affections, of course) from a British hospital ship, torpedoed in the Channel by the directions of this same villain, Captain Granet, of the British Army and the German Secret Intelligence Service. The treachery of a great British statesman and financier, a Zeppelin raid, and some views of London society during the war are components of this very readable story.

"The Bird House Man," by Walter Pritchard Eaton (Doubleday, Page, $1.35), is acclaimed on its wrapper as "a charming story of a New England village, of the love stories that make up its life, and of the Bird House Man who is a friend to every flower and bird, and whose specialty is making matches and mending hearts." From which qualification it may be judged what manner of book "The Bird House Man" may be. Sentimentalism run riot is the pith of the work. This Bird House Man, without visible means of support other than a vast capacity for rambling about the woods with a pair of field-glasses, appears as the *arbiter amorum* of Southmead, and consummates within the compass of some three hundred and fifty pages so many matches among the youth of his neighborhood, and among those not so young as well, that one lays aside the book with the thought that he will be forced to an Alexandrine sigh for more worlds to marry. The book is recommended to all who revel in sentimentality.

The writer who engages upon the construction of an historical novel must meet certain difficulties, often enumerated by the critics, not the least of them being the problem of the language his characters shall employ. Emerson Hough has been hard put to it, in the matter of the speech of Aaron Burr, Thomas Jefferson, Meriwether Lewis, and sundry other great figures of American history whom he employs in "The Magnificent Adventure," (Appleton, $1.35). There is material in the explorations of Lewis and Clark and in the unhappy love of Captain Lewis and Theodosia Burr for a novel of really great qualities, but Mr. Hough has been unable to turn it to the best account. Thomas Jefferson as the President of the United States is the most moving figure in the book; Meriwether Lewis is compact of mysticism and rant,— no very good qualities for a man who really bore so large a distinction in the annals of this country. There is less of gratification to the reader in "The Magnificent Adventure" than has been found in some of Mr. Hough's earlier novels.

## Briefs on New Books.

*Words and their uses.*

It is a satisfaction and a delight to meet with so conscientious and skilful a workman in words as Mr. James P. Kelley. He is an enthusiast in his love for those apples of gold in pictures of silver, words fitly spoken — or written. To him "the pursuit of fitness and force in the use of words is no irksome drudgery. . . Words are natural objects, real as rocks or lilies; they are endlessly interesting and delightful. The wealth and wonder of them is the heritage of all mankind." Thus he speaks in the preliminary chapter to his "Workmanship in Words" (Little, Brown, & Co., $1.), a handy little book of precepts and examples — not least of all, warning examples. He divides his treatise into four sections under the headings: "Grammatical Propriety," "Clearness," "Ease," and "Force," and illustrates his point quite as often by quoting errors as by citing instances of the right usage. Not even the masters and teachers escape his censure; they, too, are fallible. Charles Eliot Norton, Matthew Arnold, Lowell, Professor Lounsbury, even Walter Pater and the poet Milton, with many more among those to whom we have looked for guidance in our use of English, are unsparingly shown to be somewhat short of perfect in their written utterance. The book is a good "bracer" for those who are prone to literary lapses — grammatical, syntactical, or of whatever sort. All who write are more or less erring; but Mr. Kelley is perhaps too gloomy, too censorious, in his view of the present state of English writing. Writers have in all ages been faulty creatures; but the fact that the worst of them have perished, and also that many of the solecisms of the past have become the correct forms of the present, is too often overlooked in any comparative estimate of past and present writers in this matter of careful English. Yet it is better to err on the side of severity than on that of lenity in a castigatory treatise like Mr. Kelley's.

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*Rhymes on homely themes.*

There is one glory of the new poetry, and another of the old-fashioned sort, and another (it may be) of the kind that is neither poetry nor prose; for one form of verse differeth from another in glory. Without instituting invidious comparisons, one may heartily commend the style of verse that flows so readily from the pen of Mr. Edgar A. Guest, and one may at the same time rejoice that he has found leisure to provide rhymes for all his lines. He chooses the old familiar themes of domestic joys and sorrows, the ups and downs of life, the high hopes and the grievous disappointments common to our lot. Those who like Will Carleton and James Whitcomb Riley will not dislike Mr. Guest. His book, "A Heap o' Livin'" (Reilly & Britton Co., $1.25.), is by no means his first appearance in print, and to his old friends he needs no introduction. Let those who still have before them the pleasure of making his acquaintance try his quality in such poems of the present collection as "My Creed," "Spring in the Trenches," "The Other Fellow," "Father," and "Mother." The verses entitled "Canning Time" are savory of the autumn's fruitage. "Opportunity" surpasses the well-known older poem of the same name in that the knock at one's door is, with truth, represented as not a single and never-to-be-repeated summons. "At Sugar Camp" disappoints the New England reader in giving no hint of the sweet delights of maple-sugar making, though the glad freedom of the return to nature and the simple life is well depicted. Here and there the book shows a limping line, perhaps not oftener than in many a greater poet, but in some instances the limp could easily have been cured. In a writer so much to one's liking even slight blemishes cause regret.

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*Uncritical studies of native writers.*

In "Great Spiritual Writers of America" (Paul Elder & Co., $1.50), Mr. George Hamlin Fitch attempts to introduce sixteen chosen American authors to any unfortunate who has no knowledge of our better literature. The choice of works suggested for first acquaintance and the brief working bibliographies are in most cases good. The criticism is of the sort which may place a half-dozen superlatives on a page. While a little over-praise doubtless piques the interest of an apathetic reader, it may be questioned if too much does not defeat the author's purpose. Unfortunately Mr. Fitch, like so many essayists who write of literary matters for the untrained public, has not thought it necessary to be accurate. The first sentence of the first essay credits Sydney Smith's question "Who reads an American book?" to Jeffrey. Even more surprising are misstatements regarding the contents of works that the author praises and that he might be supposed to have read with care. To cite but a few examples: Poe's "Descent into the Maelstrom" is not a tale "of horror dealing with the great maelstrom that was once popularly supposed to be located at the poles" (p. 35); Hawthorne's

Hester did not flee from her husband "for love of Arthur Dimmesdale," nor can it be said that "the guilty couple sought a refuge" in New England (p. 44). The inscription found over Oakhurst's body at the close of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is sadly mutilated and misquoted (p. 124). Justly or unjustly, the journalist in literature has in recent years been accused of many sins, but he has usually been praised for a well-knit sentence structure. In view of Mr. Fitch's long newspaper career it seems odd to note his apparent fondness for a type of sentence of which the following is an example: "In these years he constantly practiced writing verse, and in 1827 he issued a first volume of poems through a Boston publisher, entitled *Tamerlane*, but it excited no comment." The illustrations are well chosen, but some of the inserted prints are rather muddy; and in general the publisher seems to have planned a finer piece of bookmaking than he was able to realize.

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*Songs of the Russian peasants.*

The vogue for things Russian, from the writings of Tolstoy and Gogol and Sologub to the dancing of the Imperial Ballet, has of course extended to Russian music. For some time we have been familiar with Tchaïkovsky and Zolotárieff and Karatygin and Rimsky-Korsakoff and Moussorgsky, in operatic or symphonic or solo-instrumental form. Lately, moreover, there have been published a few collections of songs by composers well known in Russia but here heard for the first time. With hardly an exception these collections have included only songs of definitely artistic quality, such as are heard and sung only by Russians of intellect and culture. As interest in Russia and the Russians grows, however, it is quite natural that there should arise a demand for something representative of the great mass of Russians, the common people. This want has been supplied in the field of literature: a characteristic of the Russian writers known on this side is their nearness to the soil. In music, we have had but few collections of folk-songs; one of the first is "Songs of the Russian People," edited by Kurt Schindler and published in the "Musicians' Library" (Ditson, $1.). The lyrics, translated by Jane and Deems Taylor, are either set to the traditional melodies or to arrangements by modern composers, and are for mixed voices. Many of the ballads date back to mediæval times; all of them are sung to-day by the Russian peasants. The translators seem to have kept as closely as possible to Russian feeling and diction. The music, with its unexpected stresses and unfamiliar cadences, and its melodies as often as not in the bass, embodies many characteristics of Russian sacred music, such as may be heard in the ancient Gregorian chorals of the Moscow Cathedral Choir. The question as to which influenced the other might prove an agreeable topic for discussion by the *cognoscenti;* but the fact that the music and the words are of Russia, and of the Russian common people, will be sufficient justification for the present volume with the average American musician.

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*Maeterlinck's war essays.*

The title under which M. Maeterlinck's recent essays and speeches appear in the English version, "The Wrack of the Storm" (Dodd Mead, $1.50.), is a little misleading. The reader expects to find a violent diatribe; he takes up the book with reluctance, anticipating horror piled on horror. An agreeable surprise awaits him; the tone, even of the earlier essays, written under the stress of the first shock, is one of restraint. Germany is condemned, at times with bitterness, but the rare invective that there is lacks the fiery power of that of Verhaeren, for example. As a polemicist M. Maeterlinck is a failure. Like Ismene, he was born to love, not to hate. In his Preface he tells us that he has tried to lift himself above the fray, and he regrets that he could not succeed. "It is possible that one day, when time has wearied remembrance and restored the ruins, wise men will tell us that we were mistaken and that our standpoint was not lofty enough; but they will say it because they will no longer know what we know, nor will they have seen what we have seen." M. Maeterlinck sees first of all man's heroism, individual and national, sustaining in the service of idealism an ordeal to which history can furnish no equal. He finds comfort in the thought that the world has become infinitely richer as a result. "All that our wonderful dead relinquish they bequeath to us; and when they die for us, they leave us their lives not in any strained metaphorical sense, but in a very real and direct way. Virtue goes out of every man who falls while performing a deed of glory; and that virtue drops down upon us; and nothing of him is lost and nothing evaporates in the shock of a premature end. He gives us in one solitary and mighty stroke what he would have given us in a long life of duty and love." This is the note that has always pervaded M. Maeterlinck's work and that one meets so frequently in Belgian literature to-day. Aside from the

essays which, like that quoted, prove that M. Maeterlinck's philosophy has not deserted him in this terrible crisis, the most striking in the collection are perhaps those entitled "On Re-reading Thucydides," "The Will of Earth," and "When the War Is Over." In the first he establishes a parallel between the position of France against Germany and that of Athens against Lacedaemon; at the end he quotes with tremendous effectiveness from Pericles's eulogy of the dead. The underlying idea of the second is Emerson's distinction between the law for man and the law for things. The third essay outlines for the victors the attitude they must take after the war to assure lasting peace. The first work ever published by M. Maeterlinck, "The Massacre of the Innocent," concludes the volume. Written with the aim of reproducing the episodes of a sixteenth century picture in the Brussels Museum, it seems now to the author a sort of prophetic vision of tragedies that were to stain with blood many a Belgian village of the twentieth. The name of the translator, Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, is a guarantee of good work, and the volume is singularly free from the marks of haste that mar so many books whose success seems to depend on immediate publication. One notices only an occasional misprint.

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*A baffling genius.*

A study of Thoreau in the unpremeditated pages of his copious "Journal" must yield a more faithful image of the man than can any amount of reading in his books addressed to the public. Not until recently has this transcript of the real Thoreau been open to general scrutiny, and therefore it is not until this moment that we have had so careful a searching of its pages in quest of his essential qualities as is undertaken by Mr. Mark van Doren in "Henry David Thoreau: A Critical Study" (Houghton Mifflin, $1.25). While in Thoreau's "Cape Cod" and "Walden" and other books the file is assiduously used and "every sentence is the result of a long probation," as he himself confesses, in the rambling unconsecutiveness of his diaries there is much both of voluntary and involuntary self-portrayal and self-betrayal; and in the whole one arrives at some sense of the writer's temper. This is what we desire to know and feel, as Mr. van Doren says, not the vagaries and paradoxes that he indulges in for effect rather than as the sincere expression of himself. But to put into words this essential quality is only partially possible. So far as it could be done, it has been well done by this latest interpreter of an extremely baffling personality. As the author says of him, "if read as scripture, as some of his friends read him, or as madman, as Lowell read him, he will yield nothing. He cannot be taken literally any more than a wild odor can be seized and kept." If careful study of every available scrap of writing from Thoreau's prolific pen and an equally thoughtful pondering of most that has been written about him can qualify one to understand and interpret the Walden hermit, then Mr. van Doren should be adjudged a competent critic of Thoreau.

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*Germany as a republic.*

Mr. Walter Wellman's "The German Republic" (Dutton, $1.) is a book of curious aspect. It is addressed to the German people, "whom the world has loved and in whom the world still has faith." It consists of a somewhat fanciful glorification of the German stock and the German achievements, an imaginary "address" of a congress of delegates from the twenty-six German states apologizing abjectly for the errors of the past and craving the forgiveness and future coöperation of the world, a "declaration of self-government" adopted by delegates come together to found the German Republic, and an account of the setting up of the new political régime, not stopping at a touching description of the installation of the dethroned Kaiser as Prince of Heligoland "with nominal powers" and of the gathering of half of Berlin at the railway station to bid the royal family farewell, the Kaiser meanwhile being moved to tears by the good will and magnanimity of his former subjects! The book was put forward in all seriousness, but the most that can be said for it is that it injects a touch of humor into a grim subject.

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*A source-book of early English literature.*

Professor Allen R. Benham proves his courage when he introduces his source-book of "English Literature from Widsith to the Death of Chaucer" (Yale University Press, $2.50) with a quotation from Mr. H. G. Wells. However, this lapse in no way invalidates the scholarly character of the work, which is, as the author points out, a genuine source-book, and not an anthology or a text-book. The plan is simple and admirably adequate. The text is divided into two sections, "From the Beginnings to the Norman Conquest" and "From the Norman Conquest to the Death of Chaucer," the material in each section being grouped under the following heads: I., The Political Background; II., Social and Industrial Background; III., The Cultural Background; IV., The Linguistic Background; V.,

Literary Characteristics; and VI., Representative Authors. Those whose interest is primarily in the Old English period will wonder at the proportion observed,— barely one-third of the book (139 pages of the total 613) is devoted to the four hundred years before the Norman Conquest; the rest deals with the three hundred years after the Conquest. When it is remembered that the century and a half after the Conquest was almost utterly barren of English activity, the disproportion becomes all the more surprising. Examination of the contents shows the reason for this defect. The great body of Old English poetry attributed to Cynewulf and his school is entirely disregarded, while even Beowulf receives scant attention. No doubt the author finds less of source-interest in the poetry than in the prose of the early centuries; yet the reader cannot avoid the conclusion that the book lacks balance because the writer's main interest and specialized knowledge were in Middle English. With this exception, the work is all that such a book should be, being faultlessly arranged and wholly trustworthy. Its physical make-up is no less satisfactory.

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*References for the study of Milton.*

Professor E. N. S. Thompson's "John Milton: A Topical Bibliography" (Yale University Press) is a work of much practical value. It is not in any sense a complete bibliography, but rather a compilation of selected references. The range of subjects has been determined largely by Milton's personal interests, but there is also much to direct the reader to authentic information on the many social and political shiftings of seventeenth century England. Along with the titles of contemporary documents bearing on a special topic appear references to scholarly works of to-day upon the same subject, so that theoretically at least each group demonstrates the developed opinion of modern scholarship. Yet the scholar and bibliophile will find the work only partially useful. Professor Thompson has given no detailed description of early editions, not even the titles of any except those commonly listed. Of critical studies, only complete works or distinctly valuable essays find place in the scant hundred pages, for nothing further was contemplated in the compiler's plan. The British Museum Catalogue — oddly omitted here — still stands as the best guide for eighteenth century editions, translations, and second-rate writings of the older critics. The initiated will grieve over some of the natural results; for example, they will unhappily note that requirement of space for references on travel, and on the sonnet, elegy, and masque as literary types, shut out edition-titles that prove the Tonsons influential in increasing Milton's early reputation. They will perhaps be disturbed to see arbitrary dating of Elizabethan dramas hitherto placed only tentatively, or to find Evelyn and Pepys dated only by the years of publication of their famous Diaries. This subordination of detail is, however, justifiable, for the work is precisely what is professed in the preface — "an adequate outline guide for the study of Milton and the period in which he lived." The variety of topics treated sufficiently demonstrates the author's knowledge of the period, and the titles included under separate headings represent the careful winnowings of a scholar.

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*Legal rights and liabilities of religious bodies.*

Like many other expressions in the terminology of Anglo-American jurisprudence, "civil law" has several distinct meanings. As used in Mr. Charles Z. Lincoln's book, "The Civil Law and the Church" (Abingdon Press), the expression enjoys its broadest meaning and indicates the actual law of the state as contrasted with the internal regulations of voluntary societies, especially those important voluntary societies known as churches. This well-produced volume of more than one thousand pages is not offered as anything other than a practical hand-book for lawyers and judges. The great majority of so-called text-books on legal subjects published in recent years are simply digests disguised in the logical form of text-books. With commendable sincerity and wisdom, Mr. Lincoln has adopted the traditional form of digests. Topics to the number of 145 have been selected and arranged alphabetically, from "Actions" to "Young Men's Christian Association." Most of these topics are subdivided, the subdivisions also being arranged alphabetically. An Index proves helpful in furthering the accessibility of the contents. Mr. Lincoln's book is unquestionably the most complete and serviceable guide to modern case-law in English-speaking countries affecting the rights and liabilities of religious organizations. No fewer than 1650 cases from the appellate courts of the United States, England, and Canada are digested. Although this is a law book and reveals a studied effort on the part of the author to be concise, at the same time it contains a surprisingly large amount of history as well as of law. The judges of our appellate courts are not supposed to act as historians; but in deciding the innumerable

controversies of factious Christianity, these judges have necessarily paid much attention to the history of ecclesiasticism. Mr. Lincoln's book emphasizes the importance from a purely historical standpoint of our case-law literature.

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*For students of international relations.*

An admirable handbook for a course in international relations is accurately descriptive of "Nationalism, War and Society" (Macmillan, $1.50), by Dr. Edward Krehbiel, Professor of Modern History in Leland Stanford Junior University. In fact, some of the material is drawn from a syllabus which, with Dr. David Starr Jordan as co-author, Dr. Krehbiel published several years ago through the World Peace Foundation. The present volume makes no attempt to present an original study of the questions suggested by its title; on the contrary, the author's plan is to outline all the aspects of the subjects which he thinks germane. The result is a full brief, with logical divisions, which can serve as the ground-work for a college course or popular lectures. These would come under three main heads: "Nationalism, Its Character, Fallacies, and Faults"; "Modern Political and Social Changes and their Reaction on National Rivalries"; and "Progressive Forces which Seek to Overcome the Faults of Nationalism and Establish an Order of Things in Agreement with the Evolution of Society." This latter portion of the volume is the most interesting, dealing as it does with the Hague Courts and the various schemes (such as the programme of the League to Enforce Peace) now suggested to keep the nations from resorting to war. The volume as a whole, however, is well worth while. The lists of peace publications and societies are especially good, and will suffice to introduce the reader to all the accessible literature. Norman Angell contributes an introduction to Professor Krehbiel's book, reiterating his well-known thesis as to the dangers of half-preparedness. It "is a pernicious and dangerous fallacy" that "our arms are simply for the defence of our soil, for repelling invasion, and that if we only be strong enough, our policy cannot endanger us." On the contrary, in order to preserve the peace, it must be made abundantly clear for what purposes our military and naval strength will be used, and "a successful American international policy must be the outcome of widely expressed public opinion."

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